

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME



THANKSGIVING NUMBER

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Photo by L. M. Thiers.

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

The Thousandth Psalm.

FOR all the Glory and Beauty and Wonder
of the World we thank Thee!
For the Glory of Springtime, the Tints of
the Blossoms and their Fragrance;
For the Glory of the Summer Flowers, the
Roses and Cardinals and Clethra;
For the Glory of Autumn, the Scarlet and
Crimson and Gold of the Forests. We
thank Thee
For the Glory of Winter, the Pure Snow on
the Shrubs and Trees.
We thank Thee that Thou has placed us in
the World to subdue all Things to Thy
Glory;
And to use all Things for the Good of Thy
Children,
We thank Thee! We enter into Thy work,
and go about Thy business.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A Real Thanksgiving.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

IT wasn't in November. It wasn't proclaimed by the President or the Governor, but it was a Thanksgiving Day and the thankfullest kind. My grandmother always said that in the course of her life of seventy years she never saw another to match it.

It came when grandma was a bride of less than a year. Grandma was married when she was just sixteen, not a day older than I, although my sister Gertrude calls me a mere child. Well, I wouldn't like to leave papa and mamma and Gertrude and all the home friends, and travel ever so many miles in an ox-cart and live sixty miles from a store, as grandma did. She was just a little girl, if she was married, and grandpa was only nineteen years old himself.

Her name was Rosalie,—“Rosalie, the prairie flower,” grandpa called her,—and his was Edwin. I like to call them Rosalie and

Edwin to myself when I think of them in those days, not to be disrespectful, but just because they were really just about as old as our high-school set is now.

Grandpa was the very first to take up a claim on the land. There was only one family besides them, and they were young, too. The wife was eighteen. Her name was Olivia. The husband was named Mendell.

Rosalie and Olivia got to be the greatest friends, of course. It would have been dreadful if they hadn't, when they were the only women for twenty miles round. They used to do all sorts of foolish, girlish things; and their husbands would worry over them and scold. But they didn't scold them very hard, I guess, judging by the way grandpa always speaks to grandma now. Folks thought an awful lot of each other when they were alone so.

One time the two girls took the canoe which the men had hollowed out of a big log, and poled over to a little island in the river. It

was a dreadfully tippy canoe, and the current was swift and they nearly got swept down the river. And, when they got out at the island, they stumbled right on a place where a bear had been taking his nap. There was the little hollow where he had been lying down. It was fairly warm yet to touch, and they could smell the bear smell. He must have got up and gone off when he heard them land.

Grandma said that, when she told grandpa this, he turned just as white as could be right under the tan, and he said, if ever they did anything like that again, he'd burn up the canoe.

But that wasn't what I was going to tell you about. It was about the big Indian scare.

How it started nobody knew. There had been Indian massacres, and people were afraid of the Indians. Then word came somehow that all the Indians in Minnesota were going on the war-path against the whites. It was only a rumor. Nobody was sure of it. Edwin and Mendell rode off to the nearest settlement, miles away, to see if it was true. If it was, they decided to load all their household goods and themselves on a raft, and float down the river to the settled country.

So there were those two girls, sixteen and eighteen years old, left all soul alone with a prospect of a murderous band of Indians swooping down on them at any moment. They didn't go three feet away from each other the whole morning long. They did up the work at one cabin, and then went and did it at the other. They collected their things, and packed them so that they would be all ready to put on the raft. And every time she looked up at the walls Rosalie imagined how they would look in flames.

It was just the stillest day. There wasn't any wind and not a thing except their two selves to make a sound, for they didn't have any dog or chickens yet. Just after they had finished their dinner, of which neither of them ate much, they began to hear a sound.

"What was that?" asked Rosalie.

"Nothing," answered Olivia, for they couldn't tell at first whether it was something or nothing. But in a minute she caught Rosalie's arm.

"There *is* something. Oh, what is it?"

It was the most elusive sound that anybody ever heard, a sort of rumble or thumping that they wouldn't have noticed at all if the men had been there. They couldn't describe it. They didn't know what made it. But it seemed to be increasing, and it sounded like—

"Rosalie," said Olivia, white to the lips, "I've heard that the Indians!"

"Oh, don't say it!" cried Rosalie. But it was a word that must of necessity be in their minds every minute.

"I've heard that they put their ears down to the ground, and then they can hear better," continued Olivia, trembling. "Let's try it."

They went a long way from the two little cabins, though why they should not have tried it near I could not say. They put their ears down to the ground, and heard—

Millions and millions of hoof-beats, trampling, trampling, in wildest confusion. Thunder? It was a thunder that continued and increased every minute. If every Indian in Minnesota was mounted on his pony and rushing down upon them, it did not seem as if it could make so much noise.

They looked at each other with ghastly faces. They stared wildly around for ref-

uge. Not in the cabins. Too many cabins had been burned down over their murdered owners' heads. In the underbrush? There wasn't any nearer than the island, and, if they went over there in the canoe, the Indians would be sure to see it and find them.

"We'll be killed," murmured Olivia, faintly. They stood stock-still because they didn't know a thing to do. How long they could not tell. Five minutes? An hour? A century? It might have been any of these from their feelings. And all the while the dreadful multitudinous trampling kept getting nearer and more distinct.

"We might hide under the river-bank. But no, the sound is coming from that way."

It was much nearer. They looked toward the river-bank, and at that moment a head rose above it.

"They are here!"

The two girls clutched one another in terror. Another head appeared. Then another. And that was all. Moreover, the heads looked strangely familiar.

"White men! And only three!" gasped Olivia, sinking down in her relief as she had not sunk in her terror. But brave little Rosalie pulled her up.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't let them see how scared we are."

It was three men from the nearest settlement who had come especially to tell the scattered settlers that the rumor of an Indian rising was all a mistake. Not an Indian had left the reservation. And their horses' hoofs in the stillness had made all that dreadful unexplainable noise.

They could not stay. They swept on to tell other frightened settlers, and the girls heard their hoof-beats for a long time, and put their ears to the ground and laughed to hear them farther. Before dark Edwin and Mendell came back with the same news. All the things that had been packed up were unpacked. As they knelt at prayers the next morning,—for in those times they had family prayers every day,—grandma said they had a service of thanksgiving the most real and earnest she ever attended.

I can see just how she felt, dear little sixteen-year-old grandma, who had expected to wake up a captive in an Indian lodge or not wake up at all. And yet it seems to me, when I think of it, that we girls ought to be even more thankful because there isn't any danger of such terrible things coming to us. And I'm going to the Thanksgiving service this year, even if I did used to think it was a bore, and I'm going to say a little special prayer of thankfulness for the peace and safety in which we live.

*Whatever binds our hearts in one
I herald as divine.*

*The common light, the genial sun,
And stars that watch when days are done,
With social impulse shine.*

A. E. CROSS.

The Lad Who Spoke Well.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

THE last of the old Viking kings of Norway was King Sigurd, the Crusader, who went with a great fleet to the Holy Land. After his return, he ruled all Norway pretty well, in the main, although he was a stern man enough, and had many enemies. One cold winter he made a sudden attack on one of these enemies, named Raud of the Dales. Raud, who had

refused tribute, or scat, was forced to flee into the hills for his life with a few friends.

Hoping to catch him, King Sigurd camped at Raud's farm. One night there arose a loud shout among the men on guard, and into the farmhouse they dragged a boy, plainly half-starved and nearly frozen.

"Here is a fellow we caught at the granary, lord!" they said. King Sigurd looked at the boy, who met his gaze squarely, for all the hunger that pinched his cheeks.

"Who are you—some thief, no doubt?" asked Sigurd, sternly. The boy flushed.

"That word comes well from you, O King," he answered bitterly, but courageously, his blue eyes never faltering. The King's face darkened.

"Your name? Lie not, as you fear the swords of my men!"

"Fear? Not I!" smiled the lad, proudly, giving look for look as the Vikings muttered angrily. "As for lies, King Sigurd, the mouth ruins more men than the sword; and, if I feared aught, I would fear lies. I am Hrolf, the son of Raud of the Dales."

"Peace!" shouted the King, angrily, as a cry of surprise and a growl of rage went up from the Vikings. He turned to Hrolf, frowning blacker than ever, his fingers playing with his sword-hilt. "What came you here for?"

"To get some of my father's grain, for we were starving," returned Hrolf, quietly.

"H'm!" mused the King, watching his face in the torchlight. "The mouth ruins more men than the sword, eh? You speak overboldly for a rebel cub, Hrolf Raudsson! It is in my mind that your mouth is like to ruin you, and speedily."

If Hrolf was dismayed by the veiled threat, he showed it only by the pallor of his cheeks. Well he knew that there was no escape for him now; but the thought of his father and friends, half-perishing in the snows, lent him courage.

"It is written in the Saga of the Volsungs, King Sigurd," he returned steadily, "that only the unwise man knoweth not his words; also, that wrong and hatred rest them never, and both wit and weapons should a true king have."

For a moment there was dead silence in the room. Sigurd's impatient temper flamed in his eyes, and there was a little clatter as his fingers loosened the peace-bands from his sword, and let them fall, half-drawing the blade. Then he shoved it back with a grim laugh.

"You speak well, wolf-cub," he said. "Tell me, where learned you these wise words?"

"From your own scat-men, King Sigurd!"

"How mean you?" asked the puzzled King, and Hrolf smiled slightly.

"When they came to my father in your name, I listened to their unwise words; and by their boasting and foolish speech they stirred up much trouble. Therefore have I since tried to speak otherwise."

King Sigurd laughed with his men at this, and quietly replaced the peace-bands.

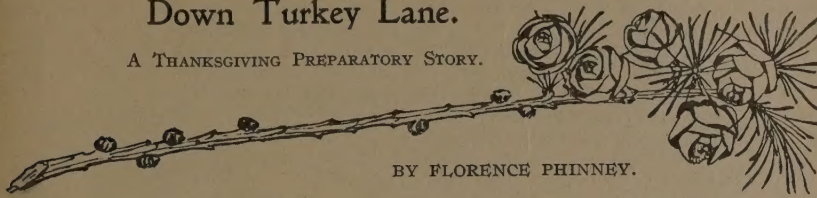
"So? Hrolf Raudsson, take meat and drink, and bear what you will to your father. Bid him come to me here, and it may well be that there shall be no more trouble in the Dales. Perchance I have both wit and weapons, though my scat-men lack both."

And in later years Hrolf Raudsson, the "lad who had spoken well," was not forgotten by King Sigurd and his sons, as you may read in the Sagas to-day.

Down Turkey Lane.

A THANKSGIVING PREPARATORY STORY.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.



This is the second story in the series which portrays the doings of the Swallow family. Their mountain home is likely to become an attractive spot to all our readers. The third story will appear in a December number.

"JACK, Jack, the turkeys are running away again!"

Fran Swallow came flying across the garden to the orchard where her small brother with four-year-old Jill and baby Beatrice, a child who had been left on the Swallow doorstep several weeks before, were "playing house" in the shelter of the big rock.

"Hurry," she urged. "I can't leave the cake, or I'd go myself this time."

"I'll head them off," Jack called.

He was already over the wall and half-way across the cornfield, bare at this time of year, for it was the week before Thanksgiving.

Fran watched him a moment, saw that he would strike into the lane ahead of the turkeys, then turned hastily back, wondering anxiously if sister Floss would remember and not let the cake burn.

Floss, cool, composed, and dainty as usual, was sauntering down the avenue to meet her hurried sister.

"Cake first-rate," she announced: "Anna took it out. Stay out a minute, Francie. What's the use wasting these last few lovely days?"

"But there is so much to do, Floss, to get ready for next week. We don't help Anna half we ought."

"I don't, you mean. Sometimes I think it would be easier for Anna if you didn't help her quite so much."

"O Floss!"

But the twins loved each other too much to quarrel, although they were exceedingly frank with each other. Now they both laughed, for there was truth in Floss' remark.

"I wonder," Fran said, locking her arm in her sister's and pacing with her in the direction of the orchard, "I wonder what Bige sees down the road."

"Squirrel, probably. The dear old dog knows he's on guard over the babies, and he takes his responsibilities to heart."

"He wouldn't growl like that at a squirrel. I am going to see."

She ran lightly through the orchard past the two children who were now playing on a flat rock, and stood gazing down the road. When she came back, her eyes were wide with wonder.

"I saw a strange man run away through the bushes," she said.

"What did he look like?" Floss asked.

"Oh, trampy; but his clothes were not ragged."

"Do you suppose he is after our turkeys?" "He shan't have them, if I have to watch all night."

"Have you a penny ready for Jack when he comes back?"

"I believe so. Father got me a dozen at the post-office last night."

Then the sisters laughed again, for Jack's

daily increasing store of pennies was a family joke.

As early as April the Swallow children had begun to make preparations for the festival of Thanksgiving. They wished the dinner to be, as far as possible, the product of their own industry. For this they must plan at least six months ahead.

"I shall raise pumpkins and squashes in my garden," Jack had said.

"Corn, from my factory cornfield, for one thing," promised Tom.

"The best apples on the place, and cranberries, if the new meadow turns out well," was Father's contribution.

"Strawberries and sage," from elder Sister Anna, who, although housekeeper, always found time for a little gardening.

Floss and Fran, who had been saving their announcement for the last, electrified the family by saying, "We are going to raise turkeys."

"Splendid!" cried every one.

Mr. Swallow smiled. "You had better let Tom and Jack help you," he advised.

The girls passed over this suggestion as superfluous. Of course they could look after a few turkeys!

They got paper and pencil and began to reckon up the profits. Between them they had money enough to buy three dozen eggs. When they saw in black and white what thirty-six turkeys would bring, even at the lowest market-price, they were rather appalled at their prospective wealth. Still, it was delightful to be capitalists, if only on paper.

They set the eggs that day. In course of time twenty-eight fluffy little turkeys appeared. Of these eight died in early youth, but a nice flock of twenty acted as if they really meant to grow up.

About this time the girls began to understand what their father meant when he advised them to let Tom and Jack help. It was not that the diet of the turkeys required much thought and labor,—the girls enjoyed fussing over that,—but, the longer their legs grew, the more they wanted to run and wander.

It is a funny sight to see a flock of half-grown turkeys start out, looking like a graduating class of young ladies in the fashion of the sixties, in hoops and crinoline. Their progress is, apparently, very slow. They gaze around on this side and on that, preening their feathers and clucking to each other. But watch them. In five minutes they have left the hens and ducks and pigeons far behind; in ten, they are out of sight over the hill.

Sometimes this deliberate advance takes them so far away that they do not find their way home at night, and they take cold as easily as the heroine of an old-fashioned novel. The girls lost three indiscreet young birds from this cause. After that they made

a bargain with Jack. He was to receive a penny every time he headed the flock off in their more distant wanderings. The girls marked off a course something like golf links. If Jack caught them off this, he drove them in and received his well-earned wage. It began to look as if the larger share of the profits was coming to Jack.

There was one particular old wood road, grassy and lonely, where they especially loved to lose themselves. It led down the further side of the mountain and ended in a hut where workmen had lived who built the new electric road three years ago. Tom named this road "Turkey Lane."

The girls were talking of their experiences in turkey-raising to-day, as they paced slowly back and forth in the November sunshine, waiting for Jack to return.

"Shall you want to try again next year, Fran?" Floss asked.

"Yes, and we won't lose two-thirds of our flock again through not knowing how. How easy everything would be if one did not have to make so many mistakes learning!"

"Oh, it does seem as if turkeys just melt away into thin air," sighed Floss. "How many ought there to be now?"

"There were ten yesterday. Some one must have taken that lot of five that disappeared last week. If we can manage to sell nine and have one left for the dinner, I shall be satisfied with our summer's work."

"So shall I. Here comes Jack now. One—two—three—yes, he has all of them."

"We must not let them get out of sight again to-day. I am sure that man meant mischief."

"You don't think," Floss hazarded, "that he was the man who brought Beatrice here?"

"O no!—and yet he might be. I sometimes have a shivery feeling that the house is being watched. Queer, no one answers Father's advertisement. Poor baby Sweet! There is some sad story connected with her, I am sure."

"Jackie," Floss said, as the little boy came up to receive his penny, "keep within sight of the house with the children to-day. Don't go into the road to play."

"All right, Sister," Jack agreed, wondering.

The two girls went back to the house.

That day at dinner, where the whole family gathered at the old round table, nothing was talked of but the preparations for the coming Thanksgiving festival.

"Everything has been a success this year," Anna said,—"Father's cranberries, Tom's corn and celery, Jack's pumpkins and squash, Jill's pretty box of chrysanthemums that the dear never forgot to water, and, last but not least, girls, your turkeys."

Fran sighed. "I hope so," she said; "but we are not out of the woods yet. Father, did Anna tell you about the tramp I saw this morning?"

"Yes, my dear. Better put the turkeys to bed early—and the babies," he added. "I shall be near the house all day, I think."

But Mr. Swallow was a busy man to whom many beside his own family looked for guidance. He was called to town in the afternoon on unexpected business.

The three younger children, who were seldom to be found in the house in pleasant weather, were playing on the green slope in front of the house. The girls were at work in the big kitchen; and Tom was in the

barn, trying to doctor the dog, Bige, who was suffering from a sudden and mysterious illness.

Suddenly Jack appeared at the kitchen door. The time was about four o'clock.

"I can't find the turkeys," he said; "they were all in the cornfield a minute ago; now I can't see them anywhere."

Here was misfortune. The girls left everything and ran out to find the truant birds. Even Tom, whose patient was a little better, joined the search.

Experience had reduced the order of search to a system. Floss investigated fence corners; Tom crept under the barn; Anna ran to the top of the hill; they might be scuttling down the other side,—they might be, but this time they were not; Jack had already been a little way down the lane, but now Fran went still farther, listening as she went for faint rustlings in the roadside undergrowth.

"No use," Tom said at last as she came back; "they are farther down the lane, or perhaps in the woods. If Bige wasn't sick, he'd soon find them. We might as well make a business of it if we are to find them before dark."

"I must go back and stay with the children," Anna said.

She turned in the direction of the house. The others kept on down the lane. They had not gone far when they heard Anna calling. There was a strange note in her voice. Was it terror? They hastened to meet her.

"I can't find Beatrice," she panted; then with a sob in her throat, "Jill says a man came and took her away!"

"That man I saw this morning," Fran cried. "It wasn't the turkeys he was after, it was the baby. Quick! Tom! Down the road!"

Tom was already over the wall with the rest at his heels. They hunted breathlessly, desperately, this time. The turkeys were forgotten. But it was of no use. The pretty child had disappeared as mysteriously as she had come. They hunted a long time, vainly hoping against hope. They then gathered forlornly on the front doorstep to compare notes. Father would not be home for an hour. Little Beatrice was surely gone. They never would know her fate. The girls could not keep the tears back when they thought that the rough people into whose hands she had fallen might not be kind to her. Jack forgot that he was almost seven years old and wept aloud.

"It's all my fault," he wailed; "mine and the old turkeys."

"Oh, yes, the turkeys," Fran said drearily. "I suppose we might as well go down the lane and hunt them up. I don't feel as if I was going to care for Thanksgiving this year."

Anna took the tearful Jill into the house, and the other four started soberly down Turkey Lane.

It was beginning to grow dusk. They were all a little frightened, even Tom, who would have died rather than own it.

"I wish you wouldn't whistle, Tom," Fran said petulantly.

Tom stopped whistling and they went on silently. It was a long way to the end of the lane where the hut was. The turkeys had never gone quite so far, usually striking into the beech woods at a point just above. It was so dark now it seemed almost hopeless to find them, even if they were in the

woods. The children stopped to consider what they should do.

"Give it up till morning, or get Father to come with a lantern," Tom advised.

"Yes," Fran agreed, "we might as well go back. I wouldn't go any nearer that hut for all the turkeys in the world. Where's Jack?"

"He was here a minute ago," Tom said. "Jack, Jack," he called, "we are going back."

There was no answer.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Floss; "have we lost Jack, too?"

At that moment little Jack appeared out of the gloom, running up the path from the hut.

"Come quick," he whispered, "I've found her!"

"Found her? What do you mean, Jack?" Floss asked.

But the quicker-witted Fran understood. Catching Jack's hand, she literally flew to the hut, followed by Tom and Floss.

"Don't make a noise, Sister," Jack whispered when they reached the door, "but look!"

There was a faint fire of coals in the rude fireplace. Stretched in front of it was a man fast asleep. It was the man Fran had seen in the bushes. A flask beside him accounted for the soundness of his slumbers. On the floor on a pile of old fur robes little Beatrice was seated. Her bright eyes were fixed fearlessly on the coals. Fran darted in, caught the child in her arms, and carried her outside.

"Floss, Tom, I've got her! Jack, you darling, this is a thousand times better than finding the turkeys!"

"The turkeys are here, too."

Jack pointed to the low bough of a leafless tree that overhung the hut. There they were, truly, rustling and clucking faintly, disturbed by the children beneath them.

Fran gasped. "Quick, oh, hurry! Tom! Floss!" she whispered; "get those turkeys down and drive them home. I don't believe anything would rouse that beast on the floor, but we must get away before other tramps come."

Tom, as usual, had anticipated her. Without a word he had quietly induced the runaway flock to descend; and up the mountain they went unmolested, the five children and the ten turkeys.

When they reached home, they met Mr. Swallow starting out to find them. He heard their story and said they did perfectly right to take the little girl. If the rough man had been her father, he would have come to the house to claim her.

It was not thought best to leave the house that night. On the morning following, Mr. Swallow with a posse of neighbors visited the hut. It was, of course, deserted.

But that evening after they had fastened the house and barns as well as they could, and Tom, feeling very responsible, was taking turns with his father watching to see that there was no attack from the tramps, the Swallow girls and Jack, who was acknowledged to be the hero of the occasion, sat around the open fire. Floss was rocking Jill to sleep. Anna held Beatrice, already dreaming happily.

Anna bent her head and kissed the little waif whom they had all learned to love so much.

"I am so glad, so thankful," she said.

"Yes," Fran as usual had the last word,

and she gave Jack who was leaning against her knee an appreciative little hug as she said it: "here we are all ready for Thanksgiving. I wonder if every day isn't Thanksgiving Day for somebody?"

An Overflow.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

TO-MORROW is Thanksgiving Day,
And now dear teacher will insist
That we must put our books away
And of our blessings make a list;
But nothing new nor great nor fine
Has happened to me lately, so
I can but fill a single line
On my whole pad, I know.

Now let me see! Well, I've a home,—
That's something, for I should not care
About the world alone to roam,—
Yes, I've a home, and mother's there,
And father, too, and Bess and Ben
And baby sister—oh, and Rover,
And fires and food and fun, and then—
(Why, I must turn my paper over)—
I'm glad that I can coast down hill
And skate and romp and run and climb.
I couldn't be as prim and still
As children of the olden time.
I'm glad I'm just a little girl
And not too big to cut a caper,
Or on my toes around to twirl—
(I need another sheet of paper).

I'm glad I'm not an Eskimo,
I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot;
In summer I'd not care for snow,
Nor like the winter to be hot.
Why, everybody's work is done,
And still of blessings I've a store.
My list is only just begun,
I'd like to write ten pages more.


Sunday School News.

THE Unitarian Sunday school at Petersham, Mass., has secured Mrs. Herbert H. Fiske as superintendent and is prospering under her care.

Rally Day was observed October 5. There were more people present than the school-room had chairs to accommodate. The usual attendance of 45 was increased to 60 pupils and 20 visitors. An orchestra of six pieces, with the minister of the church, Rev. Robert C. Douthit as director, was a distinctive feature of the service, which will be continued throughout the year. It is planned to hold one special service of the school each month.

The superintendent announced that to each pupil present on the following Sunday there would be given a bulb of the Japanese Narcissus, which, if planted now, will bloom in time to be brought to the Thanksgiving service.

The school of the First Unitarian Church of Buffalo is making big strides toward a fully developed course of instruction. The lesson period has been lengthened to fifty minutes. Hand-work will be used in all the grades, not as an end in itself, but to increase teaching efficiency. The school has eight officers, of whom five are men; seventeen teachers (including kindergarten), of whom five are men; and four substitute teachers.



Washed up at Silver Ledge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.



In Six Chapters. Chapter III.

WHEN Harle heard the girl's words, he turned short around on the path. Amy turned, too, and Star followed, smearing her hot smudgy little face with her pink dress.

"Mamma says you can have something to eat if you want it," the girl called after them.

"We don't, thank you," answered Harle, without turning around. And the shipwrecked three, who were beginning to feel like castaways in earnest, walked quickly down the path into the thicket from which they had just come.

They sat down on a rock in the shade of a hemlock tree and looked at each other till Harle burst out laughing.

"Say, Amy, what are you making such a face at? I'll bet you're sorry it isn't a real desert island full of hedgehogs, after all."

"Yes, I am," snapped Amy. "Horrid people are worse than hedgehogs, any day. Stop giggling, Harle Newton, and tell us what we're going to do now."

"I'm going down to that little harbor and send word home. There is a steamer comes to Silver Ledge Island every other day. It may not be due till to-morrow, but I can leave a letter ready for it. You girls wait for me here."

Harle wrote his letter and carried it down to the post-office which was in a fisherman's house near the wharf. When he got back to where he had left his sisters, Amy was beckoning him from the foot of a little rocky slope where she had found a small spring. Star's face was so clean it shone, and they had brought the pail of strawberries from its hiding-place back at the edge of the woods.

"What's up now?" asked Harle, for Amy had her finger on her lips again and was peeping through a clump of trees at the edge of a hollow.

She beckoned him nearer and showed him a cosy scene among the rocks. The hollow was round as a nest and shaded by a great scraggy hemlock. A small bright fire was burning on a flat rock, and a kettle with long legs stood in the midst of the blaze, bubbling up with something that had a delicious smell.

A motherly-looking old lady in a clean, faded print gown was stirring the mixture, while a gray-whiskered man and a boy about Harle's age looked on. A bright-eyed little girl was taking tin mugs and plates out of a box and putting them on a table made of boards laid over the rocks.

It was this little girl who spied the peeping three, and, dropping her dishes, came springing up the rocks like a squirrel.

"Grandma, Grandma," she shouted, "here's company to dinner! A boy and a big girl and the darlingest little one! Come with me, dear—and hurry up, you two, while the chowder is just right."

With that she caught up Star and carried her down to the camp in the hollow, while

Harle and Amy followed slowly, not knowing what else to do.

"Isn't it fun!" cried the girl, dancing around her "company." "You're campers out just like us, I know by the looks of you. I'm Sybil Thompson, and that boy is my brother Kit. The two grown-ups are Grandpa and Grandma Thompson, and we've come over from Duck Island to try our luck because the fishing is so poor there this summer."

The three castaways were at home in a minute in the cosy camp in the hollow. Grandma Thompson held Star in her lap, and the child chattered away to her like a bird. Kit and Harle and Grandma Thompson began to talk about the fishing as if they had known each other all their lives, and Sybil twirled around on one foot in her excitement as she listened to Amy's story of how they were blown away from Bleak Harbor and washed up at Silver Ledge.

"Now you can stay with us all summer," cried Sybil.

"Are you really going to camp out here all summer? How nice," sighed Amy. "But Harle has sent word back to Uncle Newton, and we shall have to go home if he says so."

"I'll coax him to let you stay! Look, we've got two tents to sleep in, and there'll be fish enough to eat, and strawberries and blueberries. There's dishes enough to go round, and plenty of firewood for whoever'll pick it up. What should anybody want to go ashore and live in a house for?" And Sybil jumped up to stir the chowder as if nothing else were worth thinking about.

"A smart young chap like you," Grandpa Thompson was saying to Harle, "could be a whole lot of use when the mackerel begin to come in. I knowed by the feeling in my bones that there'd be mackerel at Silver Ledge this summer, that's why I'm here. I've got Kit, but I'd need two of you to help if I get the new net I'm planning to buy of Nate Thorne. I've got 'most money enough saved. You know Nate, I guess,—lives down by the wharf and deals in nets and fishing gear."

"What kind of a boat have you got?" asked Harle, suddenly.

The old man's face fell.

"Why, my dory got on the rocks in a storm, and—well, I was reckoning that Kit and I could borrow the use of a boat and pay for it in work. It'll be kind of bothersome, but it's the best we can do."

"You won't have to borrow while I'm here," Harle said eagerly. "There's the dory we blew away in, all high and dry over by Silver Ledge. It's mine and bran-new. My father gave me the money to buy it before he went away, and then my aunt was afraid to have me use it. But I guess she'll get over that when she hears what good luck we had first time we went off in it."

Grandma Thompson called them all to dinner just then, and they talked eagerly all through the meal about what they could do with the boat when the mackerel fishing began.

After dinner they pitched the tents and got everything ready for night.

"There's plenty o' good folk on the island that would take us in, but I like a ranch o' my own," explained Grandpa Thompson.

"Isn't it the nicest place you ever saw? Oh, if uncle will only let us stay, I shall be perfectly happy," whispered Amy to Harle.

"I tell you what, if the fishing is as good as Grandpa Thompson expects, we can help him make his fortune and have the time of our lives besides," declared Harle, in great excitement. "And, just think, yesterday morning we were groaning over how we were going to get through the summer."

They spent a delightful two days in camp, Amy and Sybil helping "keep house" and getting quarts of strawberries for the camp table. The "men folks" looked over the dory and fishing-gear, and made trips off-shore, coming back with a great cod to roast or a string of sea perch or sometimes a couple of wild ducks. Sybil said that their living always came out of the air or the water, wherever they went.

Then one night, as they sat around the camp-fire in the hollow, a girl walked into the midst of them. It was Eda Long, the girl from the lighthouse, and her brother Vernon was with her.

She took no notice of the Thompsons, but spoke in an injured tone to Amy and Harle:

"Why didn't you tell me, that morning you came to the house, that you were Mr. Newton's nephew and niece?"

"Didn't think of it," returned Harle.

"You never asked us!" added Amy; "and what difference does it make, anyway?"

"Why, my father knows your uncle and used to work for him when he owned the 'Sarah Ella,'" explained Eda. "Pa's had a letter from Mr. Newton."

"From Uncle? What did he say?—about us, I mean?" demanded Harle, anxiously.

"He says," returned Eda in a low voice, "that you are to come right up to our house and stay till he gets here."

(To be continued.)

The Thanksgiving Message.

THERE'S a message all unspoken,
That is carried o'er the land
By the breeze upon the mountains,
By the waves upon the strand;
And each absent one will hear it,
Though he's wandered far away,
As it whispers soft, "Come home!
Come home—Thanksgiving Day!"

In the Southland, in the Northland,
Or by frozen lake or sea,
By far Western plain or mountain,
In whatever place he be,
The voice from home will reach him,
And to his heart will say:

"Do not forget the old folks!
Come home—Thanksgiving day!"

ALMA PENDEXTER HAYDEN,
in *Young People's Weekly*.

No one could tell me where my soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my brother out, and found all three.
ERNEST CROSBY.

Thanksgiving.

PRAISE God for wheat, so white and sweet, of which to make our bread!
Praise God for yellow corn, with which his waiting world is fed!
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl, he gave to man for food!
Praise God for every creature which he made and called it good!
Praise God for winter's store of ice!
Praise God for summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit tree bearing seed, "To you it is for meat!"
Praise God for all the bounty by which the world is fed!
Praise God his children all, to whom he gives their daily bread.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

When Mrs. O'Toole was Kind.

MRS. O'TOOLE was so busy making Thanksgiving outfits for nine children, she scarcely had time to look up when her mother came in the sitting room to close the damper in the stove-pipe.

Most of the time Mrs. O'Toole was Aunt Carolyn's little girl Nellie; but on Saturdays Nellie became Mrs. O'Toole the minute the dishes were washed, the dusting done and the lamps cleaned. Perhaps the reason Mrs. O'Toole was obliged to work so hard on Saturdays was because she had so little time to be Mrs. O'Toole. Any mother knows it would take time to look after nine children properly.

There was Aileen with a broken nose, who needed a new bonnet besides a new dress to wear to grandma's on Thanksgiving Day. Bridget's rag arms had to be sewed on before she could even be allowed to lean against the plaything-box to have a dress fitted. Norah and Katie were a problem: they were china twins and rather large. Large twins require more material for their clothes than other children, because twins must be dressed alike. Mrs. O'Toole didn't know how to manage two coats from one small strip of pink linen. Maggie, too, caused Mrs. O'Toole to feel a bit discouraged. A beautiful bisque Maggie with real hair and eyelashes should have a white dress trimmed with lace. There was plenty of white material in Mrs. O'Toole's treasure box, but lace was nearly gone. Becky and Nancy always looked well in left-overs, and Tommy, being a boy doll and rag at that, could get along with almost anything.

"Well, Mrs. O'Toole, how are you getting along with your sewing?" mother inquired, as she snipped a dead leaf from a pink geranium plant and turned the fuchsia toward the sunlight.

"Slowly, I thank you, and I shall be glad when it is time for these children to take their naps. It isn't easy to plan clothes with nine children asking questions and bumping their heads and crying around."

At that moment the telephone rang. "Shall I answer it?" inquired Mrs. O'Toole, most politely.

"No, you keep at work," advised the mother. "I have my little girl's clothes in order, stockings and all."

"You have only one," reminded Mrs. O'Toole.

"I am sorry," replied mother, when she came back in the sitting-room after talking with Aunt Emma over the telephone. "I



OUR DAILY BREAD—O. W. ROEDERSTEIN.

am exceedingly sorry, Mrs. O'Toole; but, if you wish to be kind to your Aunt Aggie, you will have to leave your sewing and go over there on an errand. You could run over there and back in twenty minutes."

"What for?" inquired Mrs. O'Toole in tones that sounded like Aunt Carolyn's little girl when she was cross.

"Because Uncle Peter's mother and father are going there to dinner—that is why Aunt Emma telephoned. She says if Aunt Aggie knew they were coming, she would try to get her Saturday work out of the way and get a more elaborate dinner. Now Mrs. O'Toole, it would be such a kindness for you to run over and tell Aunt Aggie—she wouldn't like to be surprised."

"Of course I'll go," agreed Mrs. O'Toole; "but I wish Aunt Emma hadn't telephoned. I haven't a minute to spare with nine children to get ready for a Thanksgiving dinner and only one Saturday left after this one,—but I'll go!"

The cat winked at Mrs. O'Toole's mother, and Mrs. O'Toole's mother winked back at the cat. Possibly both knew that Mrs. O'Toole would be good-natured again in a minute.

When Aunt Aggie glanced out of the pantry window and saw a red-cheeked little girl coming across lots, she ran to meet her.

"Oh, Mrs. O'Toole," said she (the relatives all knew that Aunt Carolyn's little Nellie was Mrs. O'Toole on Saturdays), "I ought not to leave the churning for a minute, but I have been wishing and wishing that you would come over this morning. Helen told her music teacher about your nine children, and yesterday, when she drove out here to give Helen her lesson, she brought a big box full of silks and velvets and ribbons and yards of white lace, all for you!"

"Silks and velvets and white laces!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Toole. "Oh, I can't wait to see them."

"And I can't wait to show them to you!" declared Aunt Aggie.

Mrs. O'Toole was so excited over the contents of that box she almost forgot her errand. That mother of nine said, "Oh, Oh!" so often, it is a wonder her mouth didn't stay round until church time the next day.

"I guess," observed Aunt Carolyn's little Nellie, at last, "I guess I am good and glad I came over here this morning to tell you that Aunt Emma telephoned that Uncle Peter's father and mother are coming here to dinner to your house."

"Uncle Peter's father and mother coming here to dinner!" repeated Aunt Aggie. "Then I must go to work, especially with Helen away. Why, the house looks like the fair-grounds the day after the county fair! And I wouldn't have Uncle Peter's mother catch me so upset for anything—there is never a speck of dust in her house! And I must have a custard pie for dinner—they like custard pie! Oh, you dear child, I am so thankful to you for being kind enough to come over here to tell me."

"So am I," agreed Mrs. O'Toole, "and I wish I hadn't been a little speck cross about leaving my sewing. Now I must go home to the children as fast as I can go!"

Mrs. O'Toole's children behaved as well as they looked on Thanksgiving Day at grandma's, and that is saying a great deal, considering that the twins wore blue velvet coats and Maggie O'Toole's white dress was fluffy with lace frills.

As for Mrs. O'Toole, she became so fond of sewing and of being kind that she gathered orphan dolls from all the neighbors' attics and had dressmaking parties every afternoon and Saturday before Christmas, that the orphans might go well dressed to a Children's Hospital in Uncle Peter's mother's town. Those hospital dolls were called "Mrs. O'Toole's children" ever after.

FRANCES MARGARET FOX,
in the Presbyterian Banner.

PAGE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

A Child's Thanksgiving.

Father of love, for gladness of the
spring,
For every singing bird and blossoming
thing,
May I, thy little child, thanksgiving
say
At my awaking and through all
my day.

Father of love, for skies of summer
blue,
For warmth of sunshine and the
gentle dew,
May I, thy little child, give thanks
to-night,
And sleep, to wake in joy when
comes the light.

Father of love, for autumn fruit
and sheaf,
For ripened berry and for scarlet
leaf,
For winter, swift-approaching,
snow or rain,
May I, thy little child, give thanks
again.

So, whether twilight comes, or rosy
morn,
Or winter whitens, or the spring is
born,
May I, thy little child, in work, in
play,
Make each new morrow my Thank-
sgiving Day.

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN,
in Kindergarten Review.

Sunshine.

BY LOU D. STEARNS.

"I WISH," cried Dotty Lee, glancing thoughtfully from the doll she was dressing, "that Grammy Ray could have as nice a Thanksgiving as we are going to have. Don't you, mamma?"

"I am glad," replied Mrs. Lee, gravely, "to have my little daughter remember others with kind wishes. But did you ever think how little good just wishing does?"

Dotty tossed the curls from her eyes with a quick shake of her head. "But," she protested, resting one pink cheek in the palm of her hand, "there isn't anything else a little girl can do."

"Oh, yes, there is," her mother declared. "There is *one* thing every one, little or big, can do; and that is, to carry sunshine to those who are sick



THANKFUL FOR DOLLY.

or sad. A small girl can carry it as well as a large one."

The bright head tilted slowly to one side. "But," she argued, "I can't be here and there, both, Mamma Lee."

"No," her mother agreed, "you certainly cannot be in two places at once, daughter."

"And Milly and Lettie are coming for *all* day,"—triumphantly.

"Yes," Mrs. Lee observed, "and Grammy Ray will be alone, and in her wheel chair, all day."

Next morning, bright and early, the great turkey was put into the oven, and soon afterwards Aunt Nell and Uncle John, together with Milly and Lettie, arrived from the city.

What fun the children had!

The big, solemn-faced cow and her small baby had to be inspected first of all; Black Bess and the two great farm horses had to be introduced; the fat white hog and the lean black one were visited; the hay loft was explored, and a thousand and one other things, that were full of delight to the city cousins, were done.

In the midst of it Aunt Nell came to the door. "Girls! Girls!" she cried, "I want you."

She came down the path to the barn. "You must rest a little before dinner," she said. "You know we were up pretty early, and it will be late when we get home to-night."

When the girls had gone up to her room to rest, Dot brought out her

choicest books; but her face was troubled.

At last she put them down and went into the kitchen. "Mother Lee," she faltered, "do you s'pose I *ought* to go and see Grammy Ray?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Lee, gravely, "that going would be much nicer and more sensible than wishing and wondering. Don't you?"

"But p'raps," doubtfully, "Milly and Lettie wouldn't like it. They're company."

Her mother spoke quietly. "You must do as you like," she said. "But it would not take long to carry a bit of sunshine, you know. I am sure you could explain to your cousins afterwards."

For a moment Dotty stood irresolute, with flushed cheeks, looking down the road. Then, without a word, she went into the hall and returned with her hat and coat. "Mother Lee," she inquired soberly, "did you know we girls formed a 'Sunshine Club' last week? But I never thought it meant anything like that, and none of the others did either. We thought it meant just keeping happy and smiling [ourselves]."

Her mother drew the scarf a little more closely about her neck. "The best way to keep happy yourself, child," she nodded, "is to make some one else happy and forget about yourself. Happiness never comes when you start out to hunt for it, but it is sure to be found whenever you make some one else glad."

She handed her a basket. "While you are there," she smiled, kissing her first on one cheek and then the other, "set out these things for a little dinner for Grammy Ray, and push the table close up by her chair. And remember, dear, that in taking sunshine to her you are not only making Mother, Grammy, and yourself happy, you are also pleasing God."

Telegrams.

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.

Here a yellow leaf slips down,
There a yellow leaf;
The trees are sending telegrams—
Each a message brief.

Read one as it flutters by,
Anybody may:
"Dear Old Mother Earth," it runs,
"Winter's on the way!"

Youth's Companion.

THE BEACON.

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From the Editor to You.

THE picture on the first page of this number of our paper shows us how our daily bread is secured. The sunshine and the rain cause the wheat to grow and ripen. That is God's part of the harvest. Human hands must till the soil, plant the seed, reap the grain, and distribute it so that nations may be fed. That is the human share, the way in which man works with God to help answer the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread."

That the prayer may be answered for multitudes of human beings in many parts of the world is due partly to the genius and persistence of one man, Cyrus Hall McCormick, who invented the reaper which you see at work in the picture.

Before he perfected his machine, wheat was cut by hand with a sickle. In those days two men working with all their might after the grain had ripened could gather only enough to feed ten people for a year. The harvest lasts only from ten to fifteen days. All of the crop must be gathered within that time, or it breaks down and decays. There were never enough laborers to be found to harvest the wheat, so only a little was grown.

Cyrus McCormick saw the need of a more rapid way of gathering the wheat. His father had tried in vain to invent a machine to cut the grain. His son, while yet a young man, succeeded. It was a remarkable event in human history when, on a farm in Virginia in 1831, six acres of wheat were cut by a reaper drawn by horses in one afternoon.

There was much work to do after that before the reaper could be perfected, manufactured, and put into use all over the world. McCormick worked through poverty and discouragements until the reaper and binder which you see at work was perfected. Only seven reapers were sold in 1842. Now the output of the factories which make the harvester is 7,000 machines a week. McCormick lived to see his invention go into every country in the world where grain is raised. There is now wheat enough harvested each year to furnish forty loaves of bread to every family in the world.

For my part, my prayer on Thanksgiving morning shall include gratitude for the work of the man who helped our nation to write a Declaration of Independence against starvation, against hunger, against threatening famine. His inventive genius and business ability are part of that divine life on this earth which has helped to answer the prayer for daily bread. For the sheaves of ripened grain, for the labor of beasts and men, for the machine which reaps the harvest, and for the faith and skill of him who invented it, we thank Thee, O God!

Books for Boys.

The Steam-Shovel Man, by Ralph D. Paine, is a genuine story of adventure, with the Panama Canal Zone as its setting. Walter Goodwin, in his search for work in New York City, encounters Captain Bradshaw, just about to take his ship to Panama, and Jack Devlin, the steam-shovel man who was one of his passengers. Fired by their talk about opportunities for work in connection with the big ditch, Walter secures the chance to work his passage on the boat when she made her trip a month later. His adventures begin on shipboard, and include a hair's-breadth escape, with some injuries, in a landslide at Culebra Cut and a rescue from a tramp steamer. Walter can use his wits in an emergency, and is a good baseball pitcher. These qualities, which prove that he can work faithfully, make for him the desired opening, and the end of the story sees him and his family settled in the Canal Zone, while Walter begins his course in engineering by working under the direction of Jack Devlin, the steam-shovel man.

The spirit of adventure in boys will be fully met in the new story in the Young Alaskan series. The trip in the Rockies, of which this third book in the series tells, is even wilder and more dangerous than either of the trails taken before by the lads. They go on horseback and by boat through the wilder part of the wonderful Canadian Rockies. Their trip lies over the Yellowhead Pass, in sight of great Robson, with trips to the Fraser, Canoe, and Columbia Rivers. There are exciting grizzly hunts and adventurous trips through the rapids of the Columbia River. Graphic pictures of the hardships and difficulties of the trail are given, and much reliable information about wilderness camping and travelling is given in attractive form. Readers of Mr. Hough's books know that the style is attractive and the language good. Not the youth only, but the father with the boy's spirit still in his heart, will read and enjoy the book.

Harper's attractive and practical series of handy-books for boys has a most important addition this year in the *Air-Craft Book for Boys*. Every lad wants to know all he can about aeroplanes. Many will want to build the toy craft which are here fully explained, from the simplest model flyer known as the "skeeter," for indoor amusement, to the racing models which will fly distances varying from 200 to 4,200 feet. A few will have the skill and patience to build gliders, on which the boy himself may ride a short distance in air. Complete directions are also given for the construction of miniature aeroplanes, which, though they may not fly, copy accurately all the parts of the aeroplane, and so are of great educative value.

The book begins in the right way by explaining the principles of flight and the shape of wings and surfaces which produce the best results. Whole families could be both amused and instructed by making the little cardboard models described on page 9; while boys or girls who are clever with their hands can from directions in this book make the "skeeter" and the "loop-the-loop glider." These toys furnish endless amusement, and have a value, when made by the young people themselves, which ready-made toys do not possess. Directions for constructing and flying model aeroplanes and gliders are full and explicit; while Part IV.

deals with the modern aeroplane in a clear and comprehensive manner, and furnishes information which every family ought to have at hand. The publishers are to be congratulated on producing so excellent a book. Happy the lad whose father will help him to make use of the knowledge here supplied. Boys, why not put these books on your list of "What I want for Christmas"?

The Steam-Shovel Man. By Ralph D. Paine. Cloth. 212 pp. Illustrated. \$1.00 net. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Young Alaskans in the Rockies. By Emerson Hough. Cloth, with color decoration. Illustrated. 325 pp. \$1.25 net. Harper & Brothers.

Harper's Air-Craft Book. By A. H. Verrill. Shows why aeroplanes fly, how to make models and toy flyers, and gives much information about all sorts of air-ships. Fully illustrated. Cloth. 240 pp. \$1.00 net. Harper & Brothers.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XIV.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 16, 8, 13, 15, is to sing.
My 4, 5, 11, 18, 12, is to linger around.
My 9, 10, 14, 9, is a dunce.
My 6, 7, 14, 1, is a sentence.
My 9, 17, 19, is large.
My 9, 2, 13, is good to eat.
My whole is one of Shakespeare's plays.

REBECCA F. HOLLIDAY.

ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 4, 5, 17, 9, 18, 5, 8, 8, is a common boy's game.
My 1, 19, 20, 11, is a grassy surface of untilled land.
My 12, 13, 14, is to procure.
My 8, 16, 20, 3, is an ancient musical instrument.
My 10, 2, is an interjection.
My 4, 5, 15, 6, 8, 9, is a combat.
My 7, 5, 21, is a common American game.
My whole is an important battle of the Civil War.

RONALD H. SHAW.

HIDDEN UNITED STATES CITIES.

1. Is that, Hannah, art? For dear Lucy's sake we will say "Yes."
2. Make it, Alec, level and smooth.
3. I am glad to see you, Flo, well and happy.
4. They called the new boy "Newy," or Keokuk Bill.
5. What shall we put under the tub? O, stones, I suppose.
6. It was in August, a year ago, that she died.
7. The little wagon was very *chic*: a goat harnessed to it would look well.
8. Fearing a mob, I let my horse go as fast as he would.
9. So they went along the road, all as far as the corner.
10. "I've had a mishap." A sad Ena spoke the words.

W. J.

A TRANSFORMATION.

A little old woman, wearing a scarlet cloak, went into the woods one day to gather some sticks. On the way she met a goat. Now tell me what wonderful transformation took place.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 5.

ENIGMA X.—"He that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two."

ENIGMA XI.—Modern Athens.

A CHARADE.—Nero. (Knee-row.)

CONCEALED AQUARIUM.—1. Sturgeon. 2. Salmon.

3. Mackerel. 4. Pickerel. 5. Trout. 6. Bass.

7. Shark. 8. Pike. 9. Dolphin. 10. Roach.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.—John Adams.